

ing with seraphic fire, and sing them with all our hearts, "*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.*" It is true we love peace, and sincerely deprecate war; but we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the day may be very near when all the atheistic powers that have so long been a blot on civilization in the lands over both seas, shall be overthrown. The great wheels within wheels of divine Providence are doubtless now at work, and by and by shall bring order out of the confusion.

Once more, the young people's societies have been a power for good in the church during the past, and are doing grand work, with the noble S. S. C. E. army, for God and humanity. With thier earnest co-operation along lines of church efforts, these auxiliaries bid fair to be even more successful than ever before in winning souls for Jesus. I have been watching the case closely, and, if I am not mistaken, here is where the missionary fire is burning most brightly. Do we not thank God for the increase of that missionary spirit, inculcated by Christ in the gospel, among our people? The good news that comes from McFadden in Chicago; Lyon in Washington; Tombaugh, in Dayton; and Shively, in California, should stimulate us to greater liberality, and inspire us to hope that in all the great centers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf, the Brethren standard shall be planted, honored, and sustained, and that the faithful and successful taking of the land in which we live for the Christ and his gospel, may make us brave to press our missionary conquests to every spot on earth where our common Father has a precious soul who will believe in him.

Brethren may our New Year's thoughts develop into earnest action, and not evaporate in emotion: and while we praise God for the success of the past may we set our faces steadfastly to meet the toils, the conflicts, and the responsibilities of the future.

MEMORY

GEO. S. GRIM

"Son, remember in thy life time."

In this life of ours memory gets perhaps half of its recollections for heavenly places, and the other half for places of iniquity and despair. Like all other gifts of God it can be used and it can also be missused.

There are times in our life when we would be willing to drop all our memories of past bliss, if we could lose all memories of the things which we regret that we have done. Memory is the battle-field where our recollections, both blessed and cursed, enter into contest for victory or defeat. With some persons evil memories predominate making havoc and destruction in the soul, while others will not cease to hear heavenly

hallelujahs and songs seraphic. Little by little, slowly but surely, we learn that perhaps the sin we commit at the present moment may be that fatal act in our memory which will be the turning point that takes us to destruction. We are all storing up memories day by day; memories of duties done or duties neglected; of opportunities improved or opportunities neglected; of temptation resisted and overcome or temptations that have conquered us; and of words uttered by us that have been holy benedictions or of cruel anathemas. While the one kind linger in our memories as singing songs of peace and gladness, and the other have a voice that goads us to madness and despair. Therefore, Son remember.

Louisville, O.

Home Circle

WITHOUT AX OR HAMMER

This world is the quarry. We are toiling away in the darkness. We cannot see what good is ever to come out of our lonely, painful, obscure toil. Yet some day our quarry work will be manifested in the glory of heaven. We are preparing materials now and here for the temple of the great King, which in heaven is slowly rising through the ages. No noise of hammer or ax is heard in all that wondrous building, because the stones are all shaped and polished and made entirely ready in this world.

We are the stones, and the world is God's quarry. The stones for the temple were cut out of the great rock in the dark underground cavern. They were rough and shapeless. Then they were dressed into form, and this required a great deal of cutting, hammering, and chiseling. Without this stern, sore work on the stones not one of them could ever have filled a place in the temple. At last, when they were ready, they were lifted out of the dark quarry and carried up to the mountain-top where the temple was rising, and were laid in their place.

We are stones in the quarry as yet. When we accepted Christ we were cut from the great mass of rock. But we were yet rough and unshapely, not fit for heaven. Before we can be ready for our place in the heavenly temple we must be hewn and shaped. The hammer must do its work, breaking off the roughnesses. The chisel must be used, carving and polishing our lives into beauty. This work is done in the many processes of life. Every sinful thing, every fault in our character, is a rough place in the stone, which must be chiseled off. All the crooked lines must be straightened. Our lives must be cut and hewn until they conform to the perfect standard of divine truth.

Quarry work is not always pleasant. If stones had hearts and sensibilities they would sometimes cry out in sore pain as they feel the hammer strokes and the deep cutting of the chisel. Yet the workman must not heed their cries and withdraw his hand, else they would at last be thrown aside as worthless blocks, never to be built into the place of honor.

We are not stones; we have hearts and sensibilities, and we do cry out oft-times as the hammer smites away the roughnesses of our character. But we must yield to the sore work and let it go on, or we shall never have our place as living stones in Christ's beautiful temple. We must not wince under the sharp chiseling of sorrow. Says Dr. T. T. Munger:

"When God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged stone
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless
thrown."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

GOD WITH US

During the year that has just gone God has opened the way for us again and again; has encompassed us about when we needed His protection the most; has followed us only in benediction and blessing. Not the least of these blessings have been those of the sanctuary. Fifty-two Sabbaths have brought the privileges of public worship, leading us away from a world of care; each one opening to us the blessed Gospel of the Son of God; each one bringing us to the wells of salvation; each one furnishing us with a new stimulus to growth in spiritual character, and giving us strength in the discharge of all our duties.

How often, wearied with the cares of life, we have given ourselves to quiet slumber and have reposed in peace! In the morning, when our eyes have opened upon the light of day, we were led to exclaim, "I am still with Thee." The blessings of the family, of the schools, of the church, of franchise, of plenty, of peace, and of hope have filled each passing day. Let every heart shout aloud His praises: "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen."—*Christian Advocate*.

SMALL COURTESIES

We are all born but once. Most of us marry but once. We certainly can die but once. And if we look at life as "a small bundle of great things," we shall certainly not think it worth while to practice small courtesies. But if we regard it, far more truly, as "a big bundle of small things," we shall as certainly feel that few things in life are better